



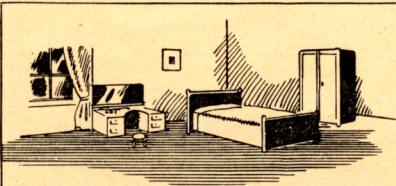
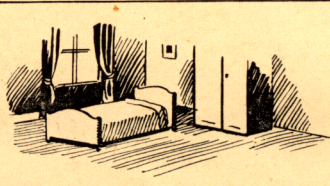


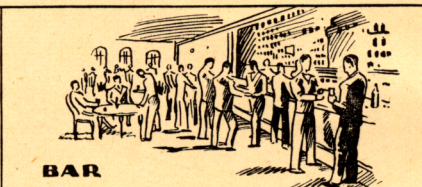
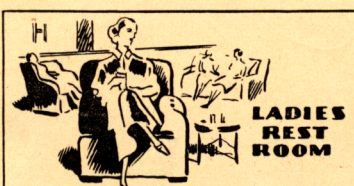
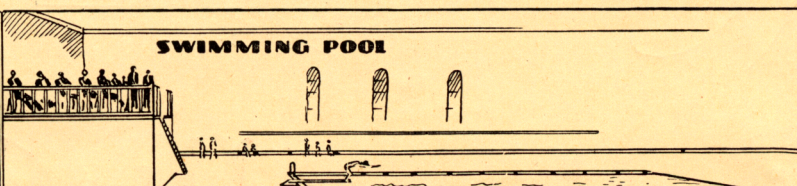
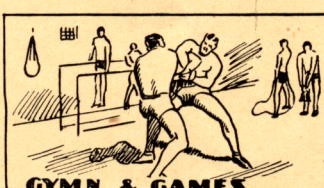
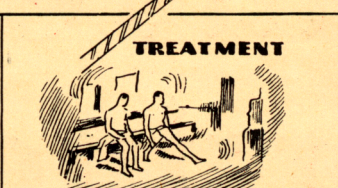


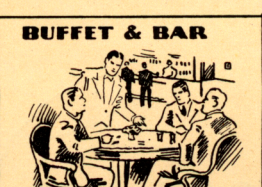
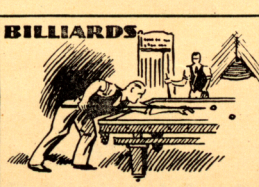
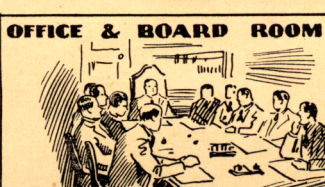

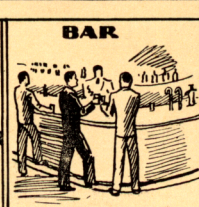
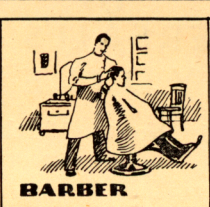


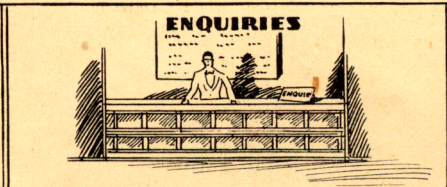

Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 16. No. 1. March, 1943.



TATTERSALL'S CLUB

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							FLOOR 2
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TATTERSALL'S CLUB

157 ELIZABETH STREET
SYDNEY

Established 14th May,
1858.

Chairman :

W. W. HILL



Treasurer :

S. E. CHATTERTON



Committee :

GEORGE CHIENE

A. G. COLLINS

DAVID A. CRAIG

JOHN HICKEY

A. J. MATTHEWS

JOHN H. O'DEA

JOHN A. ROLES

F. G. UNDERWOOD



Secretary :

T. T. MANNING

Subscriptions are due for renewal. You will be paying for what? Privileges such as comfort, convenience, service. But they are not all. There are the abstract things—companionship, diversion, atmosphere, status and, in a club of Tattersall's long establishment (founded 1858) tradition, too.

Leadership among sporting institutions has not been achieved in a short space of years. Tattersall's high and honoured place in the community is an accomplishment in time extending over nearly three generations. You cannot assess such a privilege bestowed by membership by the sum of your annual subscription, any more than you might put a price on the kinship which through membership you share with distinguished sportsmen in an unbroken period of 85 years.

Membership was closed from last December for the duration of the war. Reasons are obvious, and the committee feel in the circumstances that an unqualified statement of their decision will suffice in itself. After all, we have a good deal to be thankful for and a good deal to repay for the security we enjoy. Just how will be announced from time to time as appeals are planned.

Vol. 16—No. 1.

March, 1943.

The Club Man's Diary

MARCH BIRTHDAYS: 2nd, Mr. E. S. Spooner, M.H.R.; 4th, Messrs. Roy Hendy, C.M.G., and H. L. Lambert; 5th, Mr. F. J. Carberry; 7th, Mr. J. Mullan; 10th, Mr. A. G. Collins; 11th, Mr. J. H. E. Nathan; 14th, Mr. E. W. Savage; 15th, Mr. Ernest Moore; 17th, Mr. P. Nolan; 26th, Messrs. J. A. Roles and M. Frank Albert; 29th, Mr. Percy Wolf.

APRIL BIRTHDAYS: 6th, Mr. R. W. Evans; 8th, Mr. C. Kinsela; 10th, Messrs. K. A. Bennett and W. R. Dovey, K.C.; 12th, Mr. C. L. Fader; 24th, Major H. R. McLeod; 30th, Mr. P. T. Kavanagh.

* * *

The other day I saw Harry Tancred walk into the club. He had accumulated poundage in the passing years since he wore the colours of N.S.W. in the Rugby Union game and of New Zealand in the League game; but not so much. The long, loose stride that had been geared up to a speed sufficient to overtake Harold Horder, that massive frame which had carried three opponents over their line on a notable occasion, were still evident. One recalled the words of "Wakka" Walker: "If I had in front of me a forward division of Harry Tancreds I would cheerfully take on the world."

Harry, like his brothers George, Arnold and Jim, learned their football with the famous Petone team in N.Z., which boasted in Jim Lynsky a coach who had a counterpart in Brother Henry, of St. Joseph's College, Hunters Hill. The great W. J. Wallace played for Petone before he went on to Wellington. Mark Nicholls, described to me by one of Prentice's British team as "the greatest football brain of his era," was also a Petoneian. There were many others who qualified internationally.

George Tancred played with the N.Z. forces in Service games during the previous war. Arnold and Jim were also players of merit and members of the Waratahs led by Johnny Wallace. The public remember the Tancreds not only as great footballers, but as great sportsmen; and in the years of retirement that is the

best reward to which any player may aspire.

* * *

After 10 years as president of the N.S.W. Rugby Union, Mr. W. W. Hill retired recently from that office, and the tribute of those who may best measure his accomplishment will find expression in the most sporting of all the old game's acknowledgments: "Well played, sir!"

Business demands, war service activities, and his duties as Chairman of Tattersall's Club combine to make a full day every day for Mr. Hill. Fain would he have lingered longer with his old love, the Rugby Union, but the calls of time and dictates of circumstance ruled otherwise.

He has a splendid successor as president of the Rugby Union in Mr. Justice Herron.

* * *

I cut this paragraph recently from an article recalling plays and players of the past:—

A generation ago they took their pleasures very grimly. Here's a fair proof of it. The reporter's analysis of a play "Shall We Forgive Her?" which was being staged locally, said: "It is said to contain a definite plot, a wholesome moral, beautiful scenery, with a story impressively sad, but relieved by much by-play. Oliver West marries a sweet woman, of whose past he knows little and apparently cares less. When his vitriolic house-keeper informs him that his angel wife was formerly an adventuress in a shanty in Queensland where she had an encumbrance who passed as a his-band, the sudden shock deprives Oliver of his sight. He casts out his wife, and through several acts she strains the heart strings of the audience for very pity, but in the end all is forgiven and the tears are forgotten in the joy of reconciliation."

* * *

What an honest thrill we got from that sort of stuff! Those were the days before the blast of publicity had blown nonentities to star level, before glamour, before quite a lot of things, and quite a lot of people.

I know more of the legitimate theatre, but am free to confess that

the screen is magnificent in its finer achievements. The clowning of Chaplin was genius; in the high realm of artistry were the dramatic acting and straight comedy of men and women who came to the screen from the stage. Of the moderns I cannot write, for I know them not.

* * *

This causes me to recall the sage remark of an editor, directed at me before I sat down to write a first-night notice. "The good show is that one which gets over with the people," he said. I asked him: "Would that go irrespective of whether the show played up or played down to the public?" He answered: "Either way."

* * *

Our good friends, George Edwards and "Wakka" Walker, are laid aside temporarily; the former, as the result of an accident; the latter, following on an operation. When we meet them again in club, we hope to have the pleasure of inviting George to "Knock one over," and "Wakka" to tackle a real tonic in more pleasant circumstances.

* * *

Lieut. Metz W. Ferris, of the U.S. Forces, writes from "somewhere" to Alf. Collins, conveying kindly remembrances to club friends. In lighter vein he says: "The poker game may have broken up down there; but it's getting into full swing here. There is a small, if potent, game going on. I'm still a bit ahead of the racket. If I can overcome my misplaced faith in two-card draws, I will be able to hold on all right."

Lieut. Ferris retains fond memories of Tattersall's Club's meals.

* * *

Men associated with the meat industry have always been horse-lovers and some have been notable as breeders as well as owners. To recall a few at random: Bob Miller, Jim Agnew, Dick Clancy, Bob Byers, Fred Paul and Bill Gollan and the Tancreds. Others have been among the regular race-goers.

There is Jack Mullan, treasurer of the N.S.W. Meat and Allied Trades, who celebrated a birthday on

March 7. Also Joe Ford, genial manager of Elliot Meat Co. and president of the Carcase Butchers' Assn. of N.S.W. He is the son of the late Morgan Ford, who had been for many years a member of this club until his death. Other sons of the grand old sportsman are John Ford, of the original A.I.F., Cecil Ford, who served abroad with the 2nd A.I.F., and the late Eddie Ford, killed in action when serving with the original A.I.F. at the age of 17.

* * *

When Ted Vaughan, father of Capt. Vaughan, flew recently on business to N.Z., he took the opportunity of visiting his aged mother. With all the boyhood memories refreshed, it seemed like going home again. While in N.Z. Ted Vaughan met Fred Jones, remembered here as trainer of Limerick and Royal Chief (among others). Fred's son is a prisoner of war in Germany.

* * *

Bev. Anning recently flew down from Queensland to visit his father, Frank Anning, who is an inmate of the Scottish Hospital here. Frank is one of the big cattle men of the Great North, and within that broad compass no man is more widely known, more deeply respected. All wish him a speedy return to health.

* * *

With the sweat of high-pressure trickling into our eyes, do we see the things worth seeing, talk about the things worth talking about? Take my own tribe. The demons of mergers and mass production—which

induce mass thinking—have warped individuality. To-day, the average journalist is a cog in the literary machine. If he drop off, another of standardised pattern will be readily adjusted. And the press rolls on.

We might explore the other professions with similarly disturbing results. What I detest about this bright new world is that culturally it is so damnably dull.

* * *

In all nations the talkers outnumber the men of deeds. I remember in my reading that Nestor talked more wisely than anybody else in the debates before the walls of Troy, but Achilles, a rash young warrior, took the city. * * *

Talk and treaties—of what worth are they? Louis XIV. addressed the Dauphin:

In excusing ourselves from the observances of treaties we do not, strictly speaking, violate them, because the words of treaties are not taken literally.

The Russo-German pact, for example. Before that there was the League of Nations, which fairly bristled with pacts. Tojo has a pact with Russia and another with Germany. But you ain't seen nuthin. Wait till settling day comes round for the Lend-Lease Agreement and the Atlantic Charter!

How many of you have read the Lend-Lease Agreement and the Atlantic Charter? I have. If you don't need to be concerned about international relationships outside the business of biff, take those documents as read.

Lew Tasker has looked in to renew old friendships, and has been accorded hearty handshakes and welcomes. * * *

Since Jack Jameson went back to New Zealand the lottery partnership between him and Alf Grounds has been carried on in Sydney. Every week Alf takes out a joint ticket. Recently the balance in the kitty was meagre and Alf was about to write Jack for an appropriation when the syndicate returned a fiver.

* * *

WHEN THE TITANIC WENT DOWN.

From a member of the club:

"In The Club Man's reference to the Titanic he mentioned a millionaire named Strauss who went down with the ill-fated ship in his evening dress. Strauss owned a store in New York. He had begged of his wife (also very elderly) to allow him to put her in a lifeboat. She replied: 'I married my husband when he was very poor. We have always been together. Wealth has made no difference to us. I swore to be always by his side. We will die together.' They did. Maybe an example of heroism of a woman in evening dress.

"Vanderbilt, jr., recently married, took his bride to a boat—there were insufficient boats to accommodate even half the passengers and the

(Continued on Page 5.)

TAILORS HATTERS SHIRTMAKERS

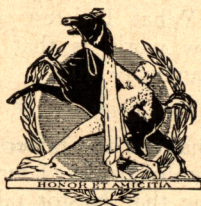
Exclusive English Suit Lengths

SIM & CHALONER

65 CASTLEREAGH STREET. Phone MA 3851

(near King Street)

● Our business has been maintained and extended by kindly recommendation of satisfied customers.



TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

•

Members will recall that the Committee issued recently an appeal by notice in the Club and in the Club Magazine to limit the number of their guests to a minimum.

The Committee, at its latest meeting, considered a report on the number of visitors invited to the Club by members since October 1st.

While the Committee had no desire to curtail unduly the privileges of members, the problem of providing satisfactory service, owing to difficulties regarding staff and supplies, compelled it to review the position.

After consideration of all aspects of the matter, a decision was reached limiting to each member the privilege of inviting no more than four male guests a month, as from December 1st.

For the present it is not proposed to curtail the number of lady guests.

Members will appreciate the special circumstances which necessitated this decision.

T. T. MANNING,
Secretary.

The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

crew—kissed her, lifted her into the boat, then returned to the top deck and smoked a cigarette while awaiting his end.

"In the disaster only 705 passengers were saved of a total of 1,503. A very much larger proportion of the crew of 1,000 survived. Only one officer was rescued—Litoller, the second officer, who became Commodore of the White Star Line. He wrote a book in which he declared that far too large a proportion of the crew had been saved. Their duty was to the passengers.

"An officer on the bridge of s.s. California stated at the Marine Inquiry that he had twice advised the captain—who was in bed at 11 p.m.—of having seen rockets, and had asked for permission to change the course of the California. But the captain did not act on his officer's advice. The rockets were the Titanic's distress signals, and the California could have rescued every soul aboard.

"A monument in a park at Broken Hill, erected by the town band, bears an inscription recounting the brave act of the bandmen of the Titanic. While the ship was sinking they comforted passengers and crew by playing 'Nearer My God, to Thee'."

The Club Man's reference to "evening dress" satirised a snobbish comment by Sir John Squire: "... Strauss dressed for dinner with his wife and sank with the ship, saying that he might at least face his God as a gentleman."

Super Salesman's Astute Slogan on Smoking

"No cigarettes. No tobacco. No matches."

That statement, in the main, represents the depths to which established pre-war tobacco businesses have fallen. No one could have visualised people queuing up for hours outside some of our biggest emporiums in the hope that two ounces of weed would be the reward or, perhaps, a packet of "fags."

But, verily, it has come to that and, as Prime Minister Curtin said a few months back, "Cigar smokers are a dying race."

The history of tobacco is interesting and, as an industry, it is not nearly as old as commonly imagined. But, what a business it has become! Careful compilation shows that round about five thousand million pounds of tobacco go up in smoke every year by puffing of smokers of the world.

History records that the first pipe to make its appearance in England was taken along by one Ralph Lane, the Governor of Virginia. Sir Walter Raleigh helped to popularise smoking.

Only a few years before the introduction into England, a Spanish doctor, Francisco Fernandes, took a consignment of tobacco to Europe. The medico, with an eye to a quick fortune, boomed the weed as an aid to health. More of that anon.

The cigarette is of much more recent origin, and had its birth in

peculiar manner—really an accidental coming. During fighting between the Egyptians and Turks little over a hundred years back a stray shot blew to pieces a pipe one of the soldiers was smoking.

Yearning for a smoke, the man cast his eye around and noticed some paper, which he quickly folded into the form of a tube, filled it with tobacco and—the cigarette was born!

Russia was one of the first countries to tackle the cigarette smoking industry in a big way, and a large factory was built in St. Petersburg in 1850.

A Greek, Nicholis Coundouris, took the first cigarette to England in 1858, but many English soldiers had previously had a taste of them while fighting in the Crimean War.

Beyond all question the new business got its greatest fillip when the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII.) took a great fancy to the paper-encased weed and smoked, it is said, all day and half the night. He was seventeen at the time.

The first cigarette shop in England was opened by a Greek in Leicester Square in 1860.

The original sales talk about smoking being good for you was followed by various theories about the harmful effects of nicotine on the heart. But research has gone back again. The nicotine is now supposed to stimulate the adrenal glands, which control the amount of sugar circulating in the blood stream. This

(Continued on Page 16.)

WHEN HAIR GROWS THIN!

McMahon's Hair Restorer is used for bald patches, alopecia patches, dandruff, itching and dryness of the scalp, and falling hair.

McMAHON'S HAIR RESTORER

Price, 5/-.

Obtainable from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores. If you cannot get it locally, post 5/6 to the wholesale distributors,

CRAIG & AITKEN PTY. LTD., 654 George St., Sydney



RACING FIXTURES

1943

•

MARCH.

No Racing Saturday, 6th
Canterbury Park . . . Saturday, 13th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 20th
Rosehill Saturday, 27th

APRIL.

No Racing Saturday, 3rd
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 10th
A.J.C. Saturday, 17th
A.J.C. Saturday, 24th

MAY.

No Racing Saturday, 1st
Canterbury Park . . . Saturday, 8th
Victoria Park Saturday, 15th
Moorefield Saturday, 22nd
Ascot Saturday, 29th

JUNE.

No Racing Saturday, 5th
Rosebery Saturday, 12th
Rosehill Saturday, 19th
A.J.C. Saturday, 26th

JULY.

No Racing Saturday, 3rd
Canterbury Park . . . Saturday, 10th
Moorefield Saturday, 17th
A.J.C. Saturday, 24th
Victoria Park Saturday, 31st

AUGUST.

No Racing Saturday, 7th
Moorefield Saturday, 14th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 21st
Canterbury Park . . . Saturday, 28th

SEPTEMBER.

No Racing Saturday, 4th
Tattersall's Club . . . Saturday, 11th
Rosehill Saturday, 18th
Hawkesbury Saturday, 25th

OCTOBER.

No Racing Saturday, 2nd
A.J.C. Saturday, 9th
A.J.C. Saturday, 16th
A.J.C. Saturday, 23rd
City Tattersall's Club . Saturday, 30th

NOVEMBER.

No Racing Saturday, 6th
Rosehill Saturday, 13th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 20th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 27th

DECEMBER.

No Racing Saturday, 4th
A.J.C. Saturday, 11th
A.J.C. Saturday, 18th
No Racing (Xmas Day), Saturday, 25th

BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

SUGGESTED ALTERATIONS TO SNOOKER RULES

A Member's Proposals Put to World Controlling Body

Two Australians, our own member, W. Longworth, and C. Oswald-Sealy, as President and Records Secretary of the Australian Amateur Billiards Association respectively, have submitted suggestions to the world controlling body, the Billiards and Control Council of England, for a revision of snooker rules. Some drastic changes are advocated as follow:—

(1) When the colour series is being played, at the end of the game, any coloured ball potted from a foul shot is returned to the table. It is logical that any red or reds similarly potted during play should be returned.

(2) A player entitled to a free ball may not snooker behind the object-ball. However, when only pink and black remain, this operates unfairly. It may redound greatly to the disadvantage of the innocent player. Either he should be allowed to snooker behind the black or, possibly, call for both balls to be spotted and play from hand.

(3) If a new arrangement of spotting the colour balls were made, more variety and better play should result. At present play on the high values is simplified while the reds remain (certainly in the early stages of the game). The suggestion that the order of values be reversed. Yellow should go on the present black spot; green on the pink; brown on the blue, and so on.

(4) When all the red balls have been potted, coloured balls for winning hazards should be of equal value. Four is a suggested value, it being the minimum for any foul stroke. Penalties as at present could be enforced for foul strokes.

Explanations.

Following the above, which is set out exactly as it appeared in the Control Council's official paper, "The Billiards Player," is comment by Mr.

Sealy, who claims that a player conceding a start is unduly penalised by illegal potting of reds.

Dealing with suggestion (2) he says: "If the rules specified that when the on ball is potted with the nominated ball that the nominated and/or on balls are re-potted it would immediately remove the unfair situation which can arise under the present construction."

Suggestion 3: "This, on first reading, may seem a very drastic departure from the existing mode of play, but it has much to commend itself in that snooker has, through its popularity, become too easy for a lot of its followers. From time to time fresh rules, almost of a revolutionary character, have been introduced to make billiards harder, so why not snooker?"

Suggestion 4: "This has also been before you on past occasions, and is a suggestion which hardly needs amplifying beyond saying that whereas there is skill in potting a red ball and getting position on a high colour, skill in potting the colour balls is equally divided and there is no justification for two of these balls to be almost equal in value to the remaining four balls."

Worthy Serious Thought.

Members will be fully seized that as the foregoing has been placed officially before the controlling body it is open for discussion and, no doubt, the sponsors will heartily welcome criticism of constructive nature. Whether we agree with the proposition or no matters not one iota.

On general policy it is the function of this page to disseminate news rather than proffer views, but the following points are suggested as worthy serious thought by those who wish to debate the merits or demerits of the proposals.

Making all colours of equal value after reds have been potted may redound against the struggler. Supposing "A" (receiving a start) has one of those fluking days when reds go down and pinks and blacks fall into easy positions. He gathers a high score with sixes and sevens, but his opponent, in the final stages, has no balls of such value.

The idea of changing the spotting order (No. 3) would certainly make the game harder if high tallies were sought, but it is hardly likely the great bulk of players would bother and argue that "enough is sufficient." They would play the easy balls. But, of this one can be certain; the player now receiving sixty points start in a tournament game would probably be reduced to 20 or less because he would deliberately go into the cluster of reds in the hope of picking up a red and yellow, which would be of no value to a back-marker. At present much skill is shown in keeping the cue-ball down the table. Why, it will be asked, eradicate one skilful move merely to introduce another?

When only two balls are left (No. 2) it does seem anomalous that the man in arrears cannot snooker his opponent behind the pink after a foul. This page suggests a simple alteration to the rule to overcome the trouble; let the cueist nominate any ball and allow him to snooker his opponent behind same provided he plays on to two cushions after contact.

Returning reds to the table after being illegally potted (No. 1) does not seem feasible, as the "cherries" have no fixed spots.

Anyhow, enough has been written to provide ample food for thought and it is good to know that some amongst us are endeavouring to improve, as they see them, existing conditions.

Where Peacefulness Abides

Those who love the old rural England are generally content to seek out unspoilt places or ancient buildings, and there, in that pocket of peace and silence where the shadows of history still fall, enjoy a few minutes' refuge. But they know that it will only be for a few minutes. When they step out of the old Cathedral Close or from beside the hoary moat or from the forgotten lane leading to the ancient place, they will soon find themselves in the town street, which is exactly the same everywhere, or in a soulless suburb, or amongst the frightful sprawling planless outskirts of a village.

Yet we should know that we can do better than this. For it is possible to walk or cycle through any county in Britain remaining perpetually in the past, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, save that which was seen and heard long before the era of industrialism.

I make these remarks after visiting a friend who does not live in a town nor a village, not by any roadside nor in any field, nor bog, nor moor; not even in a house, nor a tent, nor a hut. Yet he lives very comfortably and is perpetually surrounded by the pre-industrial, pre-train, even pre-stage coach eras. And when you take a walk from his dwelling place you can continue indefinitely in that atmosphere.

It will now be clear how and where he lives—in a barge on a canal. It is useless for me to count upon others being as ignorant as I am about things like this, but it is possible that quite a few people know as little about the canal system of England as I did till I went to see my friend in his comfortable rent-free barge.

It was near Birmingham and nothing could have been more ordinary and modern than my journey to within 100 yards of his place. Then I turned off, found a wharf, saw a canal and, snugly settled in it, a barge. Entering, I found myself in a delightful floating flat. He is not using it for canal work, but being engaged at some Ministry or other, uses it simply as a home—which he can move whenever he likes.

Theoretically, anyone can do this. You buy a barge, choose any spot you fancy in England where a canal runs (and I believe there is no county that the network does not embrace), acquire certain "rights" for a question of shillings rather than pounds, and are free to anchor anywhere and travel anywhere. That was news to me.

Had I just heard this fact I might have thought no more about it. But on turning off that road and going to that barge I experienced with greater clarity than I have known before, the sense of stepping back in time. For it was not a question of finding a pocket in time, since if you simply walk along by the tow path you can go on and on by the soothing, silent waterway without impinging upon any towns or villages and seldom coming near roads or railways.

Though the canals are gradually becoming obsolete they are still in use, and those who use them are a community on their own with old traditions and customs still surviving, and they rarely marry "off the land," for they have a strong clanish pride. There is a special canal jargon—no "port" or "starboard"—the boat captain calls to the steerer to "hold in" or "hold out" (to or from the towing-path). Instead of the general colour blindness or indifference which we find in England nowadays, they all adore colour—(my friend's barge also was delightfully painted both within and without). They love polished and decorated metal.

Each boat carries two special water cans. One is an open dipper and the other a large, tall can with spout and lid, for drinking water. Both are always elaborately decorated with flowers, often carrying the owner's name in white letters on a red circumferential band. When needing a repaint, they go to some old hand amongst them who makes a speciality in this decorating craft. My friend described how he saw an old man, a Mr. Tooley, at work in his workshop on one of the cans, a battered bowler

hat on his head and trays of paint at his elbow, doing the job with great skill and real absorbed pleasure, and to see him was to see the past truly continuing in the present.

These waterways have their own inns and shops. These stopping places and inns are nameless to the outside world, but they are household words to the waterway community. And few place-names carry more poetry or remembrance of things past—there are, choosing only a few, Sheepwash Staunch and Wainlode, Honeystreet and Stoke Bardolph, Foxhangers and Bumblehole Bridge, Pope's Corner and Puck's Gutter, Stewpony Wharf and Blunder Lock, Old Man's Footbridge and Guthram Gout, Baitsbite Sluice and Dog-in-a-Doublet. There may be some readers who will feel that the throwing away of such places into the stagnant pools of history is inadequately compensated for by the existence of Crewe Junction. And it is sad indeed to see these once thriving waterways becoming choked with weeds and mud.

Once there was a burst in the Welsh canal, which goes up the Severn Valley between Long Mountain and the Mountains of Montgomery to Newton. It was not mended, and so 35 miles of canal were left to decay. A horse-boat with a load of coal was caught on the wrong side of the breach. It is there still.

Most beautiful and tragic of all these waterways, they say, is the old Thames and Severn Canal, climbing up the Golden Valley between great beech woods. At the summit it pierces the spine of the Cotswold scarp by a tunnel two and a half miles long, and thereafter winds across the open wolds to join the Thames at Inglesham. At Donewy, a tiny village clinging to the steep slope by the western portal of the tunnel, there is an old inn of Cotswold stone where they still remember seeing the painted boats in what is now a grassy hollow, and have watched the smoke of cabin fires soar upwards on still evenings against the dark background of the hanging beech woods.

(By John Stewart Collis.)

NAVAL SURGEONS AT SEA

How They Care for the Wounded During Action

(Described by George A. Kent)

There is another "thin red line" that Kipling might have versified, if his thoughts had run more in the direction of the Navy, instead of the Army. It is the thin red line on the gold-braided cuff that marks the naval surgeon, be he the humble Surgeon-Lieutenant just entered, or the exalted Surgeon Vice-Admiral. And whatever their rank, they are the inheritors of a tradition of resourcefulness, toughness and ability that dates beyond the days of Trafalgar, all qualities on which the nature of modern war makes bigger demands than ever.

The length of time spent at sea compels even the smallest warship to endeavour to be as self-reliant as possible in the treatment of its sick and wounded. In one case recently, a rating aboard a destroyer developed appendicitis while his ship was escorting an Atlantic convoy. To make matters worse, a gale was rising, but the operation was performed successfully. The captain gave up his cabin as the theatre and his bed-linen to make operating gowns, the Navigating Officer applied the anaesthetic, the Chief Engineer handled the swabs and sterilising bowls. After 90 minutes' work the operation was completed, and before the destroyer had finished her ten-day spell of duty the patient was able to take a brief stroll round the deck again.

It is, of course, battle casualties that make the heaviest demands on the skill and endurance of the naval surgeon. Among destroyers, only the flotilla leader has a medical officer as a rule. In the rest of the formation, the S.B.A. (sick bay attendant) deputises for him. If necessary, symptoms are wirelessly to the leader, and a diagnosis and prescription are returned by the same means. After an action, it is by no means unusual for casualties to be transferred to one ship, usually the largest of

the fleet, which may then make for port while the others carry on. This was done with the cruiser Sylla, it will be remembered, after the recent Murmansk convoy action. The Scylla would probably have two M.O.s and a much more commodious sick-bay than her smaller consorts.

Two frequent injuries at sea are scalds and burns. A shell in the engine-room releasing steam at a pressure of several hundred pounds inflicts ghastly scalds. Similarly with hits on magazines, or cordite fires, serious burns are common, while the work of rescue from the bowels of the ship will almost certainly be complicated by mangled steel, shot-away ladders and buckled plates.

The indispensable tool of the rescue party in such cases is the "Robertson stretcher"—a kind of combination strait-jacket and stretcher in which a casualty can be comfortably but firmly lashed. He can then be hauled up vertically, or passed from hand to hand along restricted alleys, without risk of further injury. Even a hole about a foot square is big enough a permit the passage of the stretcher.

Even so, however, the number of men in a ship's stretcher-parties is necessarily limited, and when casualties may be falling thick and fast in an action, much has to depend on the common sense of the men themselves. There have been countless cases in which severely wounded men have owed their lives to the fact that their comrades have been able to apply a tourniquet, deftly fashioned from a handkerchief or strip of clothing, before turning again to man the guns. As a matter of fact, far more men than those officially attached to the first-aid parties actually have a sound knowledge of first-aid work: a good three-badge seaman, for example—a

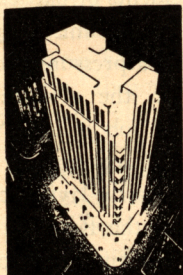
veteran possibly of the last war as well as this—is not the man to lose his head in the accidents of battle. He is quite capable of administering a sedative or applying a pressure-pad to a severed artery in the absence of those whose normal job it is. Naturally, the medical equipment of capital ships is on a fairly lavish scale. A battleship such as the Rodney, for example, has a complement of over 1,300 men, among whom, even in peace-time, a certain amount of sickness and accidents will be inevitable. Her sick bays will be capable of accommodating the casualties likely to arise from her own crew, plus the more serious cases from her smaller consorts. She will have probably three, and possibly more, surgeons and two well-equipped operating theatres. Even so, however, it is impossible to cater for every emergency.

The Rodney's surgeons, for example, were recently called on to operate upon a rating from a destroyer who had received serious facial injuries in battle. A special instrument was required for the operation. The medical officer sketched what was required and explained it to the Rodney's engine-room artificers. Within 45 minutes, the engineers had forged the device from a steel rod, the coppersmiths had tinned it and polished it so that it could be sterilised, and the surgeon had approved it and was performing the operation, which could have been performed without it, but a disfiguring scar would have been left on the man's face. The making of the special tool enabled the incision to be made through the scalp where the scar would be covered by the hair. It is a tribute to the Navy's consideration for its personnel that no one thought the time and care expended in any way out of the ordinary.

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I was a Prisoner of the Japanese

Condensed from "The Nation"

J. B. Powell

As a result of the mediaeval callousness of his Japanese goalers in Shanghai, Mr. Powell lost the greater part of both feet from gangrene and three months of prison diet reduced his weight from 150 to 80 pounds. He was repatriated on the Gripsholm last June and is now recovering in a New York hospital.

Born in Missouri, J. B. Powell went to Shanghai in 1917, and became one of the best informed foreign newspapermen and editors in China. The revelations and uncompromising hostility of his papers, "The China Weekly Review" and "The China Press," earned for him the hatred of the Japanese. In 1941 he narrowly escaped death when a "potato masher" hand grenade was thrown at him.

* * *

On the morning of December 20, 1941, half a dozen Japanese plainclothes men came to my room in Shanghai's Hotel Metropole. This was no surprise, as the offices of "The China Weekly Review" and "The

China Press" had already been sealed by the Japanese.

After the gendarmes had searched the room and stuffed my papers into a suitcase, I was asked to go with them to headquarters for questioning. The weather was cold, and had I known what was in store for me I would not have gone off in thin socks and a light overcoat.

The gendarmes drove me to the Bridge House, a large apartment building which the Japanese had secretly turned into a prison.

I was shoved into a cell in which I was to stay for the next two months, and which was to make me a cripple for the rest of my life. About 40 people were crowded into a space 18 feet by 12. They sat in packed rows on the floor. Most of them were Chinese, but among them was Rudolph Mayer, brother of the Hollywood producer. Mayer asked some of the Chinese to squeeze over, and I got a seat in the corner, where I could lean back against the wall. This was better than sitting hunched up in the middle of the

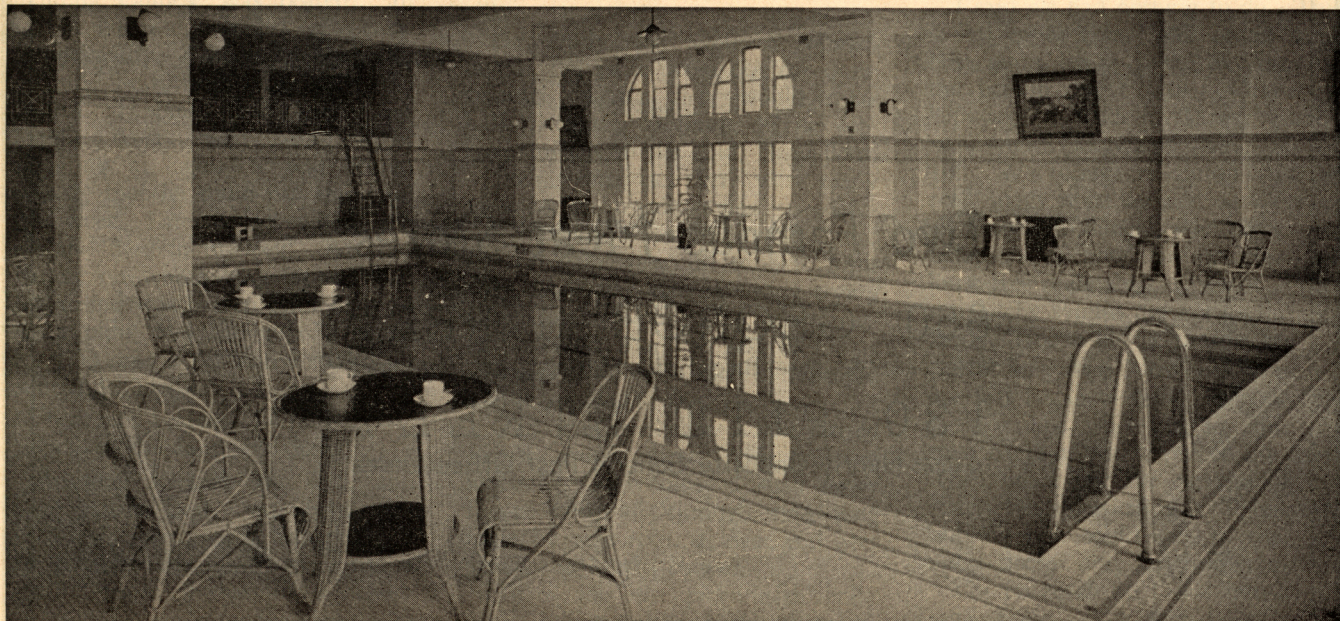
room. Mayer told me that my place had belonged to a Korean who had died there of blood poisoning only the night before.

Soon I was taken upstairs where an officer cross-examined me on my life history, especially the 25 years I had spent in China. This was the first of many grillings. They took place two or three times a week, often late at night. Repeatedly the Japanese tried to connect me with the activities of American or British military intelligence. I was told papers had been found proving I had been paid 85,000 dollars (Chinese) by our naval attache, which was absurd.

The examining officers were often insulting and arrogant, but I was never beaten. Compared with the monotony and filth of the cell, these arguments with officials were not unpleasant.

Into a dozen cells about 500 men and women were jammed. On two sides of my cell were rows of thick wooden poles about two inches apart

(Continued on Page 13.)



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I was a Prisoner of the Japanese

(Continued from Page 11.)

—25 poles on one side, 17 on the other. I must have counted them a million times.

All day and all night we sat on the hard wooden floor. We were terribly cold in our stocking feet. Our shoes, Japanese fashion, had been taken from us and stacked in the corridor outside. We were ordered to sit in regular rows with our knees drawn up, in order to pack more prisoners in and make counting them easier for the guards. Often there were so many people in the cell that some of them had to stand up.

If one man disobeyed a rule, all of us were punished by being ordered to sit on our feet with our heads bowed. The Japanese learn to do this from childhood, but for others it is torture. Some of the people in my cell, after sitting on their feet for a few hours, were unable to walk for several days. We had to sit facing toward Tokyo, so we called this punishment the "New Order Kneeling Posture."

We were forbidden to talk. It is impossible to keep the Chinese from talking, and the guards often caught them at it. When this happened the offending Chinese was beaten. In fact the Chinese prisoners were beaten continually. All through the night we could hear, from other cells, the screams of some poor wretch. A Chinese trusty who was caught smuggling in cigarettes was beaten so badly that he could not stand up for a week. Later he developed beriberi and died in my cell. Another Chinese on whom some money had been found was beaten until his face was a pulp, and the guard's three-foot club only a splintered stump. I counted 85 blows.

I was not beaten, but once I was slapped in the face, and hard.

Shanghai winters are cold, and there was no heat. At about nine every night the guards brought in a few blankets, for which there was a fight. Groups of two to six prisoners, by huddling close together, were able to cover themselves with one blanket. In the morning the blankets

were taken away again. On some cold nights none were given out at all.

Breakfast rice was good—warm and well salted. At noon and in the evening we had rice again, but it was cold and soggy. Sometimes there were bits of herring in it—mostly the heads. Our greatest torment was thirst. Though we were given wretched tea every day, we were never given water.

The worst thing to bear, however, was the appalling filth. We could never wash except on the rare occasions when we were taken out. The sanitary facilities were unspeakable. The cell, jammed with from 25 to 40 people, was served by a single crude box in the corner in full view of the whole room. The stench was terrible. Another thing we "foreigners" could never get used to: there were always several women in the cell. To make a screen for them, we would stand round the toilet with our backs to it.

A number of the men in our cell were suffering from venereal disease in its most repulsive form. The Japanese gave them medical treatment openly, in the middle of the crowd, before the eyes of men and women alike.

Frequently the Chinese women in our cell were taken out for questioning. Often they would come back battered, bleeding, to lie sobbing quietly on the cold, filthy floor.

To my surprise, there were many Japanese prisoners among us—soldiers hauled up for drunkenness, and former employees of foreign firms from whom the Japanese were trying to get information. They were treated no better than the rest of us. I saw a gendarme beat a Japanese soldier senseless.

One of my cellmates was a retired British army officer. He suffered hideously from boils. I shall never forget how all through one long night he kept reciting, over and over again, the Lord's Prayer.

There was an epidemic of boils. As a rule the Japanese paid no attention to them, but occasionally a medical attendant would bore into

the boil with a pair of pliers. Standard Japanese medical service consisted of aspirin and mercurochrome. We got aspirin no matter what was wrong. A Japanese nurse would daub mercurochrome on sores and infections—if one managed to stop her as she went through the crowd.

One of my fingers swelled to twice normal size when a hangnail became infected. After two weeks of pleading for treatment I was taken upstairs to the dispensary. Without using any anaesthetic, the Japanese military doctor trimmed the finger with a pair of scissors and put mercurochrome on it. In time it healed.

We had nothing to do but sit—or kneel facing Tokyo—and think about our woes or talk in low voices when we knew the guard was out of earshot. Occasionally someone would start a word game, but it didn't get very far. We were not allowed anything to read.

Occasionally in fine weather—perhaps a dozen times during my stay—small groups of us were taken out to the courtyard for a brief walk or Japanese army calisthenics. In this courtyard were cages in which the Japanese kept their trained police dogs. We would stop and make friends with the dogs, take their paws and shake hands with them. The dogs seemed to like us better than they did their Jap masters.

I said we had nothing to do. This is not quite true. All of us were busy many hours of the day hunting the lice in our clothes. Often we kept score. Rudolph Mayer usually won—with anywhere from 60 to 100. We foreigners couldn't eat the cold, soggy noonday rice, so we traded it to the Chinese, who are expert delousers—a bowl of rice for one louse-free undershirt. I cannot understand why typhus did not go through Bridge House like a prairie fire.

Not long after I had been in prison my feet began to hurt, especially the heels. The pain got so bad that soon I was unable to put on my shoes when taken out for exercise or upstairs for questioning. There was nothing one could see, so the Japanese doctor only laughed at me.

On February 26 I was transferred with seven other foreigners to the new prison at Kiangwan. We were

(Continued on Page 16.)

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

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BIG NAME HUNTERS

Condensed from "The American Magazine"

Jerome Beatty

Celebrities were emerging from a New York theatre after the first night of a musical comedy. On the sidewalk, police held back dozens of popeyed spectators while a gray-haired man, with terror in his eyes, fought through the crowd and into a taxi.

"It's Charlie Chaplin," people yelled.

A pretty girl of about 18 grabbed the next taxi and ordered grimly, "Follow him! Don't let him get away!"

"She's got a gun!" somebody exclaimed.

"Naw," said one of a group of boys and girls who were swarming around the celebrities. "She's one of us autograph collectors. Her name's Dorothy Raymond and she's the best go-getter in New York. Chaplin runs from all of us. But she'll get him."

I found eager-eyed Dorothy a few nights later in a group of autograph hounds at a Helen Hayes premiere. She was a modest champion, though willing to tell how she got Chaplin. Her taxi caught up with his as he reached the Stork Club, but he fled inside before she could reach him. So she waited at the curb nearly five hours until Chaplin came out. Dorothy's knees were wobbly, her eyes sleepy, but she blocked his escape until he signed.

Dorothy is typical of thousands of otherwise normal young people who operate wherever a movie, stage or radio star pauses for a moment. They wait for hours outside restaurants, theatres and hotels to get another name in the book. If they bag a celebrity they're prouder than the Martin Johnsons were when they got one of their biggest lions in Africa.

Only rank amateurs will trade autographs. Experienced signature Nimrods would rather fight for autographs. Their attacks are often formidable and dangerous. In a milling

crowd the hands of many a star have been stabbed by pencil and pen points.

When Hollywood's leading stars agreed to sell California farm produce at a Red Cross benefit, a thousand autograph hounds charged in, and before the cash customers arrived the produce was tramped into an acre of salad. A policeman who tried to rescue Linda Darnell had to be taken to a hospital. Cary Grant fought his way out of a rear exit, leaving behind his tie, his hat and most of his shirt.

Dorothy Lamour lost her sarong in Detroit. She was signing books backstage at the theatre, and one of the boys snatched it off her arm and ran. Ten pieces of it were returned to her to be autographed. Dorothy thought this was the height of something or other, but signed glumly and mailed them back.

In New York Clark Gable's taxi was once stopped by a traffic light, and a pretty girl jumped in. She held out a pair of pink panties, covered with embroidered signatures of motion picture stars, and asked him to sign. He refused politely, and she got out at the next stop with a bitter, "Very well, Mama's boy!"

One day I joined a group waiting like dogs under a treed opossum outside "21," famous New York restaurant. They were waiting, they said, for Norma Shearer, who was lunching there. I felt sorry for her. She was in New York for a rest, I had read. In spite of all her precautions, these hounds had discovered her hide-out. I asked them how.

"She told us."

"Told you!" I exclaimed. "When?"

"We were waiting outside her hotel," one said, "when she came out in a hurry, and we asked her where she was going and she said to '21.' So we all came over here."

"You mean," I gasped, "she wants you to stand here, and ask for her autograph?"

"Sure," said one of the boys blandly. "It's good publicity."

So I stopped feeling sorry for Miss Shearer.

Not long ago the League of New York Theatres, following vigorous protests from celebrities, asked the police to chase the autograph collectors away. The police asked for complaints from the people who had been molested. Theatre managers couldn't deliver even one.

Some autograph fiends believe that any trick is justifiable. One of the most effective is to telephone a celebrity in his hotel room, pose as a reporter, and ask for an interview. Invariably the interviewers carry away an autographed photograph. Actors, believing their box office value will fall if they are rude, seldom refuse.

As Lionel Barrymore said long ago, "I'll get mad at the autograph hounds when the time comes that they don't ask me!"

Broken Records

At a tea the theory of prenatal influence was being discussed when a newcomer to the neighbourhood arrived and was introduced. For several minutes she listened interestedly and then spoke up.

"I find myself in disagreement," she said, "for I am quite sure there is no such thing as prenatal influence. Take my case as an example. Shortly before I was born my mother tripped over some phonograph records and cracked every one. But it didn't affect me, affect me, affect me, affect me . . ."

THE SLEEVE TRICK

From "Literary Lapses"

(Stephen Leacock)

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said the conjurer, "having shown you that the cloth is absolutely empty, I would proceed to take from it a bowl of goldfish. Presto!"

All around the hall people were saying, "Oh, how wonderful! How does he do it?"

But the Quick Man on the front seat, who was nobody's fool, said in a big whisper to the people near him, "He—had—it—up—his—sleeve."

The people nodded brightly and said, "Oh, of course." And everybody whispered round the hall, "He—had—it—up—his—sleeve."

"My next trick," said the conjurer, "is the famous Hindu rings. You will notice that the rings are apparently separate; at a blow they all join (clang, clang, clang). Presto!"

There was a buzz of stupefaction till the Quick Man was heard to whisper, "He must have had another lot—up his sleeve."

Again everybody nodded and whispered, "The rings were—up his sleeve."

The brow of the conjurer clouded with a gathering frown.

"I will now," he continued, "show you a most amusing trick by which I am able to take any number of eggs from a hat. Will some gentleman kindly lend me his hat? Ah, thank you. Presto!"

He extracted 17 eggs, and for 35 seconds the audience began to think that he was wonderful. Then the Quick Man whispered along the front bench, "He has a hen—up his sleeve."

The egg trick was ruined.

It transpired from the whispers of the Quick Man that the conjurer must have concealed up his sleeve, in addition to the fish, rings and hens, a loaf of bread, a doll's cradle, a live guinea pig and a rocking chair.

The reputation of the conjurer was rapidly sinking below zero. At the close of the evening he rallied for a final effort.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I will present to you, in conclusion, the famous Japanese trick recently

invented by the natives of Tipperary. Will you, sir," he continued, turning toward the Quick Man, "will you kindly hand me your gold watch?"

It was passed to him.

"Have I your permission to put it into this mortar and pound it to pieces?" he asked savagely.

The Quick Man nodded and smiled.

The conjurer threw the watch into the mortar and grasped a sledge hammer from the table. There was a sound of violent smashing. "He's slipped it up his sleeve," whispered the Quick Man.

"Now, sir," continued the conjurer, "will you kindly pass me your bowler hat and allow me to dance on it? Thank you."

The conjurer made a few rapid passes with his feet and exhibited the hat crushed beyond recognition.

The face of the Quick Man beamed. This time the real mystery of the thing fascinated him.

"And will you now, sir, take off your tie and permit me to burn it in the candle? Thank you, sir. And will you allow me to smash your spectacles with my hammer? Thank you."

By this time the features of the Quick Man were assuming a puzzled expression. "This thing beats me," he whispered. "I don't see through it a bit."

There was a great hush upon the audience. Then the conjurer, with a withering look at the Quick Man, concluded:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you will observe that I have, with this gentleman's permission, broken his watch, burned his tie, danced on his hat and smashed his spectacles. If he will give me the further permission to paint green stripes on his overcoat I shall be delighted to entertain you. If not, the performance is at an end."

And amid a burst of music from the orchestra the curtain fell, and the audience dispersed, convinced that there are some tricks, at any rate, that are not done up the conjurer's sleeve.

I was a Prisoner of the Japanese

(Continued from Page 13.)

given a haircut and a shave—my first in two months.

Kiangwan consisted of solitary cells. Mine was about 5 by 10. There was no bed, and as the building was unheated and the new cement was still damp, I suffered on the cold floor. High up on one wall was a small barred window, but I could not chin myself on the ledge nor jump high enough to look out through it.

My cell of course had the familiar stinking box in one corner. After a week in Kiangwan my feet were in such bad shape that I could only get to it by rolling along the floor. After about three weeks a couple of Japanese military doctors came in to look at me and gave me a hypodermic. My feet had turned purple.

Late in March I was taken on a stretcher to the Shanghai General Hospital. My feet had literally rotted away. Amputation was made easier by a bone dropping out here, a toe crumbling off there.

The Japanese were constantly coming in to photograph me. For these pictures they made me cover up my hands, which were only skin and bone. I told them to take a picture of my feet, amputated close to the heel, but they refused.

In June, thanks to pressure from friends and newspapermen in America, I was allowed to leave, along with other Americans exchanged for Japanese held in this country.

Another ten days in Japanese prisons, says my doctor, and I wouldn't be here to tell this tale of the filth, stupidity and inhumanity meted out by our enemies to those unlucky enough to get into their clutches.

Super Salesman's Astute Slogan on Smoking

(Continued from Page 5)

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FORBES

FORBES has been termed and rightly so, the "Capital of the Central West."

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On the 1st June, 1815, George W. Evans discovered the Lachlan River at the point where the Mandagery Creek flows into it. At this historic spot he marked a tree, the marked portion of which was afterwards removed to Sydney for safe-keeping amongst the historical records.

Two years later, Surveyor-General John Oxley reached the terminal place of Evans' journey and continued westward; three days later on climbing a small eminence to the north of the river he sighted a very barren desolate country, covered with dwarf box trees and scrubby bushes.

Poor John Oxley! Wandering in a strange and to him desolate land, struggling over flooded river flats and through heavy underbrush we can forgive him for having nothing but evil to say of that harsh land—for we know the rich reality of the present and appreciate the glowing possibilities of the future.

The small eminence mentioned by Oxley has become the residential area of Forbes known to-day as Camp Hill—so to Oxley therefore, falls the honour of being the first white man to see the spot on which the town now stands.

In the early part of 1860, the district was simply a huge cattle run, the principal portion of which was owned by James Twaddell. It is not definitely known how Forbes came by its name, but it seems most likely that it was officially called after the first Chief Justice of New South Wales, Sir Francis Forbes.

As with a good many other towns in western New South Wales, Forbes owes its origin to the lust for gold. In 1860 Jack Harris, a station-hand in the employ of Josiah Strickland of Bundaburra with a blackfellow droving cattle, camped for the night about where Union and Calarie Streets meet to-day. To pass the time before dark, they were indulging in a hop, step and jump competition. The blackfellow, marking with a stick a particularly good effort, saw some shining gold in the earth and so was the presence of gold disclosed in the sun-baked loam.

Then towards the end of 1860 came "German" Harry, an experienced miner of the Californian diggings, who with Mark Thornton, put down a number of shallow holes towards where Grenfell Street runs to-day. All these proved to be "duffers" but then turning to the higher ground, they

dug another shaft between sixty and seventy feet deep and they eventually struck the solid rich gold they were seeking.

The news quickly spread and from Lambing Flat, from Victoria, from Bathurst, from every town in Australia came men of all nationalities in the rush for gold, so that by the early 1860's there were more than 30,000 miners on the site now occupied by Forbes. The scene was one of wild disorder—tents pitched everywhere. However, as there was good timber available, wooden houses were hastily built, several banking institutions commenced business and two theatres were soon in full swing. The first Post Office was opened on 1st November, 1861.

An enterprising journalist by the name of Farrand arrived with a printing press and established the first newspaper on the field—which paper has long since merged into the "Forbes Advocate" of to-day. An advertisement taken from the issue of 7th May, 1862, makes interesting and amusing reading:—

"For sale—a public house on the South lead, 4 bedrooms, kitchen and oven, 50 boarders now in residence. Price £150."

Four bedrooms and fifty boarders! Proof of tremendous growth in a short time.

Bushranging was rife in the early days of Forbes. Ben Hall, Frank Gardiner, Johnnie Gilbert, O'Meally, all at one time terrorised the district. Ben Hall's tombstone stands to-day in Forbes cemetery.

A Frenchman, a brilliant man by the name of Joseph Bernard Reymond, a native of the village of Chabeauds in the south-east of France, was an outstanding pioneer in the history of Forbes. He, with three companions, arrived in the district in 1861 and commenced saw-milling operations, later, in 1866 Reymond planted the first wheat in the district. This venture proved a distinct success and rapidly advanced. Reymond also conceived the idea of making a weir to conserve the waters of the Lachlan River and to him is due the credit for the splendid water service which Forbes enjoys to-day, as well as pioneering the growing of wheat, and his associations with the making of wine.

Others who played important parts in the early days of Forbes included Thomas Leslie, Josiah Strickland, James Twaddell and John and William Thomas.

Ten years after the first rush for gold, order had evolved out

of chaos and in 1870 Forbes was gazetted a Municipality with Thomas Hand as first Mayor.

By degrees the miners began to lay aside the pick for the plough and so in 1872 the Forbes Pastoral, Agricultural and Horticultural Association came into being, the founder being William Brooke, with Josiah Strickland as President.

By the year 1873 splendid homes existed, many of them owned by Victorian capitalists who spent money freely; this gave a great impetus to settlement. In 1893 Forbes was connected with the existing rail system to Sydney. Other improvements followed: gas service in 1904; the Jemalong Shire proclaimed in

1906 with C. S. McPhillamy as the first President; Cotter's Weir constructed below the suspension bridge, thus providing security against a water shortage; electricity established in 1927 and the sewerage system in 1931.

By the important decision of the Public Works Committee in December 1926 to construct the Wyangala Dam, the flow of the Lachlan River was controlled for several hundred miles and an adequate water supply assured along nearly 800 miles of frontage, in addition to providing water for irrigation and hydro electric power.

The result of irrigation has quickly placed the district in the forefront as a producer of sheep, fat lambs, fodder and dairying. Many thousands of acres are under lucerne—the king of fodders—and in dry years, Forbes supplied thousands of tons of fodder for the Great Western Pastoral Companies of New South Wales and Queensland.

Forbes is richly endowed, for in addition to sheep, dairy cattle and fodder, the district also is noted for the production of oats, fruit, flour, frozen meat, wine and honey.

Intense cultural methods have been made possible by water conservation and the soil and climate will produce almost everything that grows.

Every facility to make life comfortable from a health, commercial and social point of view is provided, and Forbes is ranked as one of the healthiest towns in the State.

It has fine tree-shaded streets, imposing buildings, beautiful parks in one of which is situated the really magnificent olympic swimming pool. Without doubt in this "Capital of the Central West" there is the assurance of a future which is unlimited in its promise of solid progress.



Forbes Branch.

The **RURAL BANK**

OF NEW SOUTH WALES